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THE HIVE.

"BE THOU THE FIRST, OUR EFFORTS TO BEFRIEND,——HIS PRAISE IS LOST, WHO STAYS 'TILL ALL COMMEND."

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1804.

NOVELIST.

THE CHIMNEY-SWEEPER:
OR,
THE SCHOOL FOR LEVITY.

IT was early in the morning of a cold November's day, that Mr. Evelyn was disturbed from a comfortable sleep and pleasant dream, by a terrible outcry and a noise of something falling; he started up, and beheld an object that laid immediate claim to his sensibility. A poor little chimney-sweeper, about ten years of age, had been called in to sweep the kitchen chimney. He climbed with accustomed dexterity, and perched himself at the top to breathe after his fatiguing ascent. A lame martin was hopping upon the roof: the bosom of the little sooterkin beat with compassion, and he endeavored to catch the bird, who, ignorant of his kind intention, fled from him as fast as his mutilated limb would permit, and the boy was obliged to return to his business; but, unluckily descending the wrong chimney, he missed his hold, and fell to the ground, where he laid extended, bruised most shockingly, and one leg and one arm broken. Mr. Evelyn instantly raised him in his arms, and placed him in his own warm bed; then rung the bell violently, and collected the whole family, consisting, at that time, of an old maiden sister, two female servants, and a footman: the master of the boy soon followed. Mr. Evelyn sent immediately for a surgeon, and declared the child should not be moved in his present state, notwithstanding Susan shook the sheets, and fretted at the dirt; besides which, Mrs. Lucretia declaimed most elaborately against the offensive smell of soot —Mr. Evelyn was ever obstinate in the cause of humanity; but the surgeon performed his operation with skill, and every prospect of success; and to satisfy the women, said that he did not apprehend any harm could arise from washing the patient with gentleness and care. This task was assigned to Susan, who most unwillingly performed it, protesting aloud that she wondered her master could expect her to touch the dirty creature. This inexorable master, however, not only insisted upon the ablution, but also lent an assisting hand; and was much pleased with the looks of his young charge, who, though pale with pain and terror, had a countenance the most attractive, and bore his suffering with patient meekness. His hair had been cut closely off, as an incumbrance in his profession; but his eyes and eyebrows were dark, and formed for expression: his nose was well formed; his mouth and teeth beautiful.

"What a pity this child should be a chimney-sweeper!" said Mr. Evelyn to himself: "many a duke would be proud of such a son." Then, sitting down beside him, and taking his little chubby hand, he said, "are you in much pain now, my good boy?"

"No," was his answer; but his voice was weak and tremulous, and he looked round, as in fear.

"What are you seeking?" asked Mr. Evelyn, kindly; "Do you want your father or mother?"

"No," said the boy; "but I must get up and go to work, or my master will beat me."

"Does he often beat you?"

"Very often," replied the child; and his eyes filled with tears.

"But he shall not beat you now," said Mr. Evelyn, "for you are ill, and cannot work; but, where are your father and mother?"

"I have none."

"Why, where did you come from?"

"From the parish; and they beat me there too."

"Then I fear you are a bad boy."

"Not always; but they beat me when I am hungry, and they beat poor Crab, too; and that makes me cry worse."

"And who is Crab?"

"Our great dog."

"Are you fond of Crab?"

"Yes; we sleep upon straw, in the loft; and I always give him half my bread and treacle."

Mr. Evelyn, fearing to fatigue him by too much conversation, bade him to go to sleep, and left him; but his benevolence was roused, and he resolved to speak with the master concerning his treatment of the boy: he related word for word what had passed. The man scratched his head and said:—

"To be *sarten*, he did lick the boy now and then; for the young dog, when he got a half-penny, instead of buying gingerbread, which would help to fill his belly, would run to get little books, and then sit poking in corners 'till he could read them."

"And is it your dog he is so fond of?" asked Mr. Evelyn.

"Why, sir, as a body may say, it is nobody's dog: to be sure, I keeps it, and they both together are very expensive to me; but you must know that the dog saved his life once: when a great house was on fire, Crab brought him out in his mouth; and as there was nobody to tell who the child belonged to, he was taken to the parish, and the dog followed, and, being a good looking beast, they let it stay; but when they bound him over to me, he cried so violently for Crab, that they begged me to take the dog too, which I, being of a pitiful turn, agreed to; and the dumb creature has been so quiet and good-natured ever since, that I could not bear to turn him out, poor toad: besides, rather than lose his dog, the boy makes one meal serve them both."

Tears sprang to the eyes of Mr. Evelyn. —"All-powerful sympathy!" he exclaimed, "how art thou implanted in the human heart! Oh! why do ever the calls of worldly interest deaden thy force! But, were no persons saved from the flames to tell who the child was?" said Mr. Evelyn.

"Please you, I never axed; but the parish folks, at St. Ann's, can tell you."

To them Mr. Evelyn resolved to apply, and walked thither as soon as he was dressed; and, having repeated his inquirers learned, that in the month of May 1780, a genteel young woman had taken lodgings for herself, child, and maid servant, in Gerrard-street, Soho; that she went by the name of Edwards, and said she was in expectation of her husband's return from the army; that she seemed very modest and well behaved, and always paid genteelly; that within a fortnight a letter arrived which threw her into deep distress: she gave out that her husband was dead, and she put herself into very deep mourning; yet the people of the house could not but entertain suspicions.—Her grief was excessive, and continued so 'till the night the fire broke out, when she was brought out of the house insensible by a

fireman: her servant was not to be found, and it was imagined she perished in the flames; neither was any of her property or wearables saved. It was the parish schoolmistress who gave Mr. Evelyn this information; to which she added, that the unfortunate woman was removed to a mad-house, where she still remained, totally devoid of reason; but no one had made application concerning her, though she had been advertised three times by the parish officers.

This intelligence distressed Mr. Evelyn exceedingly. After a separation of eight years, it was not likely that the poor maniac could know her child again: yet he believed it an experiment worth the trial, and returned home, determined to put his plan in execution as soon as he found his charge capable of attending him. The boy seemed much recovered, and well pleased with his new lodging, from which he expressed much apprehension of being removed. Mr. Evelyn promised he should stay some time longer, and asked his name.

"They call me Franco, (said he) at home; and I write my name Francis Edwards."

"Then you can write?"

"Yes; I got a prize at school for writing."

Mrs. Lucretia just then entered; her countenance was not, at best, of the most complacent cast, and she seemed greatly displeased——"Well, brother, I think you might spare some attention from this boy to bestow upon your own family."

"My dear sister," said Mr. Evelyn, mildly, "I did not imagine any extraordinary attention on my part necessary, while possessed of such an excellent superintendant."

"Yes, truly," she replied, tartly; "there requires some one to manage, or all might go to destruction through benevolence, and charity, and such stuff. When my father, Sir Owen, was alive, he always said you were an alien to the family blood; and if you had not married a woman of fortune, and in some degree maintained your proper dignity, I fancy he would have cut you off from all inheritance.——But, now, there's Miss Georgiana; if it was not for my care, she might run about like a young kid among the mountains:—you pay no regard to her dress, her deportment, or any thing."

"You are wrong, dear sister, I pay attention to her temper and morals, and find her all I wish."

"Aye, thanks to my management!" retorted Mrs. Lucretia: "and now, I suppose, you mean to adopt this beggerly brat, and bring him up in iddleness and impudence."

"I do not mean any such thing, madam."

Mr. Evelyn began to be warm.—"I have never been blessed with a son yet; I do not mean to choose a substitute of uncertain origin: my intention is merely to serve the boy by assisting his education, to improve his morals, and if I find in him any symptoms of genius or virtue, to foster them into maturity, to raise him from the refuse of society, and transplant him into a sphere of life, where, by industry and honor, he may become a worthy and respectable member of society; and sorry am I, that my fortune, though ample, obliges me to limit my patronage to one alone, while so many claimants are to be met with, perhaps, equally deserving."

In pursuance of his benevolent intention, Mr. Evelyn had a new suit of clothes for Francis, who soon was so far recovered as to play about with poor Crab, who had long sullenly moped about in search of him. Susan, too, had changed her tone; and, instead of a "dirty creature," now thought Franco a pretty little boy; and he almost began to rival the romping Georgiana in her favor. Luckily Miss Evelyn was not of an invious disposition; and, so far from repining at the favor her father shewed the young stranger, she busied herself with alacrity to make his new shirts, and wished she had just such a brother. [*TO BE CONTINUED.*]

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Seat of Government!

PROCEEDINGS OF A FEMALE LEGISLATURE.

Matrimonial Budget.

THE house having resolved itself into a committee of supplies and means, (for what signifies the supplies without the ways and means)—Lady *Long much* took the chair.

Mrs. *Would be* rose and spoke to the following purport:—

Mrs. PRESIDENT, I rise upon this occasion to express my sentiments at this very alarming crisis. We are now met in this committee, to consider of ways and means to raise the necessary supplies of husbands throughout the United States.

At a time when so many brave officers and *effective men* have fallen in defending their country's rights, it behoves us to look out, and take such measures and resolutions as may seem meet, to prevent a stagnation in the rising generation, and rescue us from that odium attributed to maids who die in a state of celibacy. It therefore is the duty of every one within these walls, to exert her utmost abilities, *and throw out such hints* as may, in the most eligible manner, tend to remove the evil. I shall therefore, *with great submission to the chair*, as we are upon this important business, propose to the committee the following *resolutions:*

That a tax of four shillings in the pound be imposed upon all Bachelors upwards of thirty-five years of age, in proportion to their estates, revenues, or incomes.

That Bachelors turned of forty-five, shall moreover make a will, and bequeath one-half of their property upon demise (as they themselves can be of no further use while living) for the support and relief of *distressed maidens against their wills*, in order to enable them to obtain husbands suitable to their rank and pretensions. Otherwise the said Bachelors are to be deemed to all intents and purposes old maids, and condemned accordingly, to *lead apes in hell.*

That all illegitimate children shall be pronounced the offspring of Bachelors, and that they be compelled to provide for them accordingly.

That one million of *enchanting smiles*, with a proportionate number of *captivating ogles* be immediately issued for the service of the ladies during the current year.

That nine hundred thousand *languishing looks* be granted out of the sinking fund of beauty, to make good disappointments and deficiences incurred last year.

That *bewitching kisses*, bearing three and a half per cent, be consolidated with *pouting lips*, and made transferable in the current of *rapture*, at the *exchequer* of *bliss.*

That six hundred thousand husbands be raised by way of lottery, with an agreeable *douceur* to the subscribers—the prizes to be paid immediately upon drawing, without any deduction.

That one million necessary *blushes* and occasional *sighs*, be issued immediately upon the drawing of the lottery.

That all the artillery of love be properly provided for, from Cupid's board of ordnance, under the sign manual of the Cyprian Queen.

—⊛—

On the absurd Compliments which People pay to parents on the Likeness of Children.

Mother's mouth, and mother's nose,
Father's eyes as black as sloes.

I WAS drawn into this essay by the observations I made the other day upon a christening visit: the whole house were in smiles, every thing was bought new, in honor of the little heir: the men all looked as if they had made free with the cellar; the maids, as they were properly elevated with caudle; and master Charley, who was the occasion of the festivity, seemed to have more of the bottle than agreed with his young stomach, as it flowed spontaneously again.

The situation of a lady in the straw has something in it pleasing and dignified; she commands at once our admiration and our respect. I have been puzzled to know from whence this expression took its rise: I cannot attribute it to any thing more probable than the state of the Virgin Mary, when she brought forth the child in the stable: and this expression is now the remains of the Roman church, which always introduced these sayings, that every thing, more or less might keep pace with the New Testament.

The gossips being met, and all the ladies of the circle of her acquaintance collected

together, with each a half-crown of king Charles ready for the nurse I sat in the arm chair, and attended to the remarks of the dames and virgins :—One said, it was a sweet creature ; another, it was a charming baby ; a third, that it was the picture of papa ; a fourth, that it was mama's own child ; a fifth, that it had its mother's eyes ; a sixth, that it had its father's nose ; a seventh, that it had its mother's pretty little ears ; an eighth, that she was sure it would be sensible, for it was the picture of papa ; a ninth, that she vowed it would be musical, for it smiled as soon as she hummed a tune ; a tenth, that the child would be brave, for as soon as it saw the captain's regimentals, it clenched its sweet little fist, and kicked immoderately ; and so on, 'till another lady came in with a fine boy, when all the company, with unanimous accord, declared, that master Tommy was the picture of his father the captain : they overpowered the boy with caresses, and the lady with compliments, 'till she had an opportunity of undeceiving them, by assuring the ladies all, that master Tommy was her nephew, and that his father lived more than one hundred miles from town. The ladies all stared ; they were loth to retract their assertions ; and so, to support their argument, they began to whisper a little to each other, that so many persons could not be deceived, and that they must be right and she wrong, as there were ten to one against her.

I shall finish this gossiping story with an anecdote of the late lady Tyrawley, who was paying a christening visit, and after waiting a long time with great impatience to see the child, which the nurse was to bring down, the footman came into the apartment to mend the fire ; and her ladyship being prodigiously near-sighted, and at this time very eager to testify her zeal, and show her compliments the first to the family, by a thousand common-place observations, she ran up immediately to the servant, who had the coal-bucket in his hand, and said, with uncommon volubility, "It is the sweetest creature I ever beheld ; my lord duke's nose, my lady dutchesses eyes, and mouth ; dear nurse, this is an universal joy, for sure no mother had a sweeter creature." The company all stared ; her ladyship never discovered her error, called for her chair, found herself very happy that she had paid her visit, and returned home full of the praises of his graces delightful baby. OBSERVER.

—⊙—

SUCH is the painful servitude of the female sex, in some savage countries, that it obliterates the maternal feelings, and induces mothers to destroy their female children ; that they may thereby save them from the wretchedness which themselves endure.

Joseph Gamilla, a Popish missionary in South America, reproving one of the female inhabitants of Oronooka, for the inhuman crime of destroying her female infant, received the following answer :—"I wish to God," said the wretched mother, "I wish to God, that my mother had, by my death, prevented the manifold distresses I have endured, and have yet to endure as long as I live. If she had kindly stifled me in my birth, I should not have felt the pain of death, nor the numberless other pains to which life has subjected me. Consider, father, (continued she) our deplorable condition ;—our husbands go to hunt with their bows and arrowr, and trouble themselves no farther ; while we are dragged along with one infant at our breast, and another in a basket. They return in the evening without any burden ; we return with the burden of our children—and though tired with long walking, are not allowed to sleep, but must labor the whole night grinding maize to make chica for them. They get drunk and beat us, draw us by the hair of the head, and tread us under their feet—Can human nature endure such tyranny ?—What kindness can we show to our female children, equal to that of relieving them from such servitude, more bitter a thousand times than death ?—I repeat again, would to God, my mother had put me under ground the moment I was born."

Narrations of this kind (and our hapless world affords subjects innumerable) ought to cure people of a perverse and wicked disposition to repine at the most trivial disasters and disappointments. Among the daughters of ease and affluence, the loss of a lap-dog or parrot, sometimes occasions pangs of distress. The breaking of an elegant looking-glass, or a few China cups, has produced faintings and hysterics ; while a disappointment of enjoying a ball, or a pleasure-trip, or of obtaining some expected article of fashionable dress, has rent the heart with grief, and beclouded the face with gloom.

Now if such delicate fair ones would call to mind, and ponder on the scenes of real distress, which thousands of their sisters of the human race are daily passing through, it would shame them of the habit of repining at the most trivial misfortunes. A due reflection on the distinguished felicity of their lots in life could hardly fail of its tendency to expand their hearts with gratitude, to smooth the asperities of their tempers, and to invest them with the ornamental attire of a "quiet spirit"—an article in the female wardrobe of such "great price," that many a husband would gladly exchange for it the great fortune which his wife had brought him. [*Balance.*

—⊙—

EXTRAORDINARY MEMORY.

WHILE the celebrated Voltaire resided at Portsdam, as the literary friend and companion of the late king of Prussia, an Englishman was introduced to his majesty, as one who possessed such an extraordinary memory, that he could repeat word by word, a very long discourse, after having heard it once. Frederick put him to an immediate proof of this wonderful retention, and the Englishman justified the character that had been given of him. At this instant Voltaire was to wait upon his majesty, to read him some verses he had just finished. The king, who was desirous of enjoying some amusement from this singular circumstance, caused the Englishman to be concealed in a closet adjoining, and desired him to get by heart all that the poet might read. Voltaire entered, and read the verses with great animation. The king heard them with an air of coldness and indifference, to which the poet had not been accustomed to. "Indeed, my dear Voltaire, (exclaimed his majesty) you have taken it into your head, for some time past, to steal verses from others, and to repeat them to me as your own." Voltaire affirmed with great earnestness, that they were his, and that he had finished them but that very morning. The king then sent for the Englishman, and desired him to repeat the verses he had shewn him that morning. The Englishman, without hesitation, and without the omission of a single syllable, repeated the whole of what Voltaire had read. The poor poet was astonished and enraged, and declared he must be the devil himself. The king did not fail to enjoy his anger and agitation for some time ; but at last he confessed the whole trick, and the scene was concluded by his making a handsome present to the Englishman, for the pleasure he had afford them.

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ADVERTISEMENT EXTRA.

ISAAC FAC TOTUM,

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N. B. I teach Jografy, and them out-landish kind of things. A ball on Wednesdays and Fridays. All performed (God willing) by me, *Isaac Fac Totum.*

—⊙—

SCRAP.—The life of most women is a comedy in three acts : the first is devoted to love, the second to pleasure, and the third to devotion.

POETRY.

COMMUNICATED FOR THE HIVE.

THE MAID's SOLILOQUY.

Hail, WEDDED LOVE.
Milton, Book IV. l. 750.

Our Maker bids increase ; who bids abstain
But our Destroyer, *foe to God and Man ?*
Milton, Book IV. l. 748.

IT must be so——Milton, thou reason'st well,
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after something unpossess'd :
Or whence this secret dread and inward horror,
Of dying unespous'd——Why shrinks the soul
Back on itself, and startles at virginity ?
'Tis instinct, faithful instinct stirs within us——
'Tis Nature's self that points out an alliance,
And intimates a Husband to the sex.
Marriage !—thou pleasing and yet anxious thought,
Thro' what new scenes and changes must we pass—
The unchanging state in prospect lies before me,
But shadows, clouds, and darkness, rest upon it :
Here will I hold—If Nature prompts the wish,
(And that she does is plain from all her works)
Our duty and our interest bids indulge it,
For the great end of Nature's laws is bliss ;
But yet—in wedlock woman must obey———
I'm weary of these doubts—the priest shall end 'em—
Nor rashly do I venture loss and gain,
Bondage and pleasure meet my soul at once———
I wed—my liberty is gone forever—
But happiness from time itself secur'd ;
Love first shall recompence my loss of freedom,
And when my charms shall fade away, my eyes
Themselves grow dim—my stature bend with years,
Then virtuous friendship shall succeed to love,
Then pleas'd I'll scorn infirmities and death,
Renew'd immortal in a filial race.

ELEGANT EXTRACTS.

FROM DARWIN.

"CONNUBIAL FAIR ! whom no fond transport
To lull your infant in maternal arms ; [warms,
Who, bless'd in vain with tumid bosoms, hear
His tender wailings with unfeeling ear ;
The soothing kiss and milky rill deny,
To the sweet pouting lip, and glistning eye !—
Ah ! what avails the cradle's damask roof,
The ceder bolster, and embroider'd woof !—
Oft bears the gilded couch unpity'd plains,
And many a tear the tassel'd cushion stains !
No voice so sweet attunes his cares to rest,
So soft no pillow as his mother's breast !"—

"For when the mother, bending o'er his charms,
Clasps her fair nurseling in delighted arms ;
Throws the thin 'kerchief from her neck of snow,
And half unveils the pearly orbs below ;
With sparkling eye the blameless plunderer owns
The soft embraces, and endearing tones,
Seeks the salubrious fount with open lips,
Spreads his inquiring hands, and smiles, and sips."

"Thus charm'd to sweet repose, when twilight hours
Shed their soft influence on celestial bowers,
The Cherub, Innocence, with smile divine
Shuts his white wings, and sleeps on beauty's shrine,"

THE JOYS OF SCOLDING.

SOME women take delight in dress,
And some in cards take pleasure,
While others place their happiness
In heaping hoards of treasure.
In private some delight to kiss,
Their hidden charms unfolding ;
But they mistake their sovereign bliss,
There's no such joy as scolding.

Each morning as I ope my eyes,
I soon disperse all silence,
Before my neighbors can arise,
They hear my clack a mile hence.
When at the board I take my rest,
There's one continued riot ;
I eat, I scold—I scold, I eat,
My clack is never quiet.

Let it be flesh, or fowl, or fish,
Though of my own providing,
I still find fault with every dish,
Still every servant chiding.
Too fat, too lean, too salt, too fresh,
I never can be suited,
But give a blast at every dish,
Bak'd, roasted, boil'd, or stewed.

At night when I retire to bed,
I surely fall a weeping,
For silence is the thing I dread,
I cannot scold when sleeping.
But then my pains to mitigate,
And drive away all sorrow,
Although to-night may be too late,
I'll pay them off to-morrow.

INGRATITUDE.

By Shakespeare.

BLOW, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude :
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Altho' thy breath be rude.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
Thou dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot :
Though the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp,
As friend remember'd not.

HUMORIST.

THE late Dr. Franklin used to observe, that of all the amusements which the ingenuity of man had ever devised for the purpose of recreation, none required the exercise of more patient attention than *angling* ; a remark which he frequently illustrated by the following story :—"About six o'clock on a fine morning in the summer," said the doctor, "I set out from Philadelphia, on a visit to a friend, at the distance of fifteen miles, and passing a brook where a gentleman was angling, I inquired if he had caught any thing ?" "No, sir," said he, "I have not been here long——only two hours." "I wished him a good morning, and pursued my journey. On my return in the evening, I found him fixed to the identical spot where I left him, and again inquired if he had any sport ?" "Very good, sir."——"Caught a great many fish ?" "None at all."—"Had a great many bites, though, I suppose ?" "Not one, but I had *a most glorious nibble*."

A CERTAIN newly created Justice of the Peace, rather too much elevated with the dignity of his office, riding out one day with his attendant, met a Clergyman, finely mounted on a handsome gelding, richly caparisoned. When he first saw him, he desired his attendant to take notice how he would smoke the parson. He accordingly rode up to him, and accosted him as follows: —"Sir, your servant : I think, sir, you are mounted on a very handsome horse." "Yes, sir," said the Clergyman, "I thank you, very fleshy." "But what is the reason," says the Justice, "you do not follow the example of your worthy master, who was humble enough to ride to Jerusalem on an ass ?" "Why, to tell you the truth," says the Clergyman, "government have made so many ASSES *Justices* lately, that an honest Clergyman can't find one to ride on."

TERMS OF THE HIVE.

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